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ABSTRACT

This curriculum guide provides instructional materials for an 8-week course to enable students to see themselves as computer users and writers and to encourage them to take an active rather than a passive role. For each pair of weeks, this information is provided: goal, objective(s), tools, and actions (descriptions of activities for teachers and/or students). The objective for Weeks 1-2 is to learn how to use a computer and word processing program to express thoughts, feelings, and experiences. A list of terms is provided. The objectives for Weeks 3-4 are as follows: use a computer and word processing program to express thoughts, feelings, experiences, and reactions to other writers; and examine, discuss, and think about what "we have written about our past and present experiences." The objectives for Weeks 5-6 are as follows: use a computer and word processing program to express thoughts, feelings, and experiences; examine, discuss, and think about what "we have written about our past and present experiences"; and learn how to listen to "our own and others' writing." Weeks 7-8 objectives are as follows: use a computer and word processing program to express thoughts, feelings, and experiences; examine and discuss what other writers have written about their past experiences and the experiences of others; and help students see literature as part of a whole. Two appendixes contain writings by students and handouts. (YLB)

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ED 426 221

Curriculum Guide for Computer Writing

by Jane Burke DiMillo

For The Casco Bay Partnership for Workplace Education
1996

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"I grabbed the tail of that slithering snake,
Fearing of letting go.
I hung on with all my strength,
Praying my mother would show."

"*My mother never danced.*"

"There will be remembering times of my childhood, seeing that little boy running across them fields catching fireflys."

"Life moves in many directions,
as we dance to the twist and turn
down the path we choose."

Teaching can no longer be a one-way transmitting of ideas, but must become a conversation, an interaction among peers and teacher, an exploration, a process of learning.
Lil Brannon

Curriculum Guide for Computer Writing

Introduction

My goal initially is to enable students to see themselves as computer users and writers, and to encourage them to take an active rather than a passive role. For purposes of this guide, I treat each of these components separately, for in the beginning the separate threads of talents and abilities are snarled and tangled. However, eventually each student's particular strand of writing or communicating begins to display a definite pattern, which enables us to adjust our approach and obtain the maximum from the experience, an experience that is on-going.

Let's take a look at the process of learning how to use computers. Realizing that each workplace provides computers with different operating systems and software, I have tried to make a list of very general terms. For my purposes, I use a DOS-based system and WordPerfect for Windows 6.1.

Week One and Two

Goal: To enable students to perceive of themselves as computer users and writers.

Objective: To learn how to use a computer and word processing program to express thoughts, feelings, and experiences.

- **Students as Computer Users**:

  Tools: Computers, word-processing program, keyboards, mouse, and printer.

- **Students as Computer Writers**

  Tools: Life's experiences: feelings, ideas, and opinions. Writings by other writers expressing their thoughts or feelings.

Part One

Meeting the Computer Users

Why are we here? (commonality) (Include yourself in all these exercises.) You as well as students are here as writers and computer users. Discuss current expectations, fears, areas of interest.

Action:

- Together list on the board specific uses of computers and software (data storage, letter writing, networking, journaling and story-telling).

- Discuss current group's experiences with computers and various software. Explain, if necessary, what kind program they will be using and its purpose.
- Pass out computer terms. Do not try to memorize these new terms. Assure them the terms will become familiar with use.

Initial List of terms

Note: These terms are not in alphabetical order; rather they are arranged in the order the student would encounter them. This is not meant to be a comprehensive glossary.

Hardware: Computers (CPUs), monitors, CDs, disk drives.modems.

Operating System: a set of programs that organizes the internal activities of the computer and its peripheral devices, moves data and manages information.

DOS: disk operating system. (USM's system).

MAC: an operating system which relies primarily on graphical interface. (What you see is what you get.)

Program: sets of instructions that make a computer function in certain ways. (PC-DOS (disk operating system) operates on PC compatible systems.This system relies primarily on **direct keyboard entry (function keys).**

Program Manager: Usually the initial screen which appears on your screen

containing little doohickeys or *icons* .

Icons: pictures which represent different programs. (See WordPerfect's 6.1 icon.)

Scroll Bars: found on the right side and bottom of screen. Click on either the box or arrows to move document on screen.

Software: Programs such as WordPerfect 6.1, Quicken, Microsoft Word.

Scroll Bars: found on the right side and bottom of screen. Click on either the box or arrows to move document up, down, right or left on screen.

WINDOWS: A software program which enables the the PC to use graphic interfacing. .

Part Two

Meeting the Computer Writers

Action: Turn on the monitors, computers, and printers. (On/Off buttons will be in different positions depending on the make and model of computer and screen.)

Action: Write (on the board) what students view on the screen. This requires the student to look carefully at the screen or desktop, and to use words they know to describe scene. After they finish, draw attention to icons, menus, side(scroll) bars. As you name each item, have students use mouse to point to each one.

Action: Describe other hardware: keyboard, mouse, disk drive, printer, CD drive, modem and any other devices that may be networked to computer.

Adding to the list of Terms.

Keyboard. Looks like a typewriter. Describe similarities and differences: character, numbers, punctuation, page up, down etc.

Function keys: used to perform different commands in Word Perfect.

Cursor-control keys: four arrows which control the cursor. These keys are usually set off to the right.. (These functions may be done by the mouse also.) Have students experiment with cursor keys..

Tab: Use tab key to indent text for beginning of paragraph.

Disk: (floppy) Made of flexible plastic but housed in rigid plastic shells for protection. Information is stored on these disks.

Types of disks: High density (2.0 or 1.4MB), double-sided(800K), and single-sided(400K). We use high-density.

Disk drive: The device that holds a disk, retrieves information from it, and stores information on it.

Initialize: To prepare a disk to receive information by organizing its surface into tracks and sectors.

Action: Have students initialize their disk.

Mouse: used to control the movements of the pointer(arrow) on screen.

Mouse Pointer: Little arrow which shows where mouse is pointing.

Pointing: Place the tip of arrow exactly on the object or word. on object. You will know if you have selected the correct object because object will become highlighted (darkened).

Depress: press down and hold the left top button.

Clicking: press and quickly release the mouse left button while pointer is on object. You will know if you have selected the correct object because object will become highlighted (darkened).

Double clicking: Click twice quickly on selected object (**icon**) to open.

Action: Point to WordPerfect Icon, double click and open. Ask students to describe this screen. Let's visit the bars first. Top down, left to right approach. (You will understand why when you finish this lesson.)

Title Bar: Tells you the name and what type of document is open. "Unmodified" means you haven't done anything to it yet.

Minimize button: Click on this. What happens to WP document?

Maximize button: Brings document to full size again.

Menu Bar: row just below *title* bar. Each word is a command you can point to, click on, and choose.

Menu: (Pull Down or Pop Up)

Pull Down: list of items from which you can choose by pressing the mouse button or selecting appropriate keys.

Pop-Up: usually found in a dialog box in which the next selected

action is shown.

Tool Bar: Consists of gray boxes called **buttons,** which have pictures on them.

Power Bar: Gray boxes that allow you to change fonts, type size and spacing.

Status Bar: Bottom of picture. This shows information about what is going on now (date, time, page, line.)

Action: Use mouse to point to 1.0 (spacing) and select (click on) 2 for double spacing. Now your document will be double spaced.

Cursor: Blinking stick. Indicates where you are in text.

Action: Begin typing. (You should be about 1 inch down from the top of document or page.) Walk around while students are using computer. Encourage students to fool around and experiment. As they begin to relax, have students type name, date and brief paragraph about their computer experience or lack of it.

Do Not Worry about punctuation or spelling (This will come later.).

Get down in any form what they want to say about their computer experience or lack of it. They can use this later to fill out the Entry (I can) document.

When students have finished typing then begin to show them how to format, using the keys and menus available to them.

Action:

- Use pull-down menus, initially.
- Choose **SAVE** from file menu. Save under agreed upon name for the first few classes. This helps students and instructor to keep track of writings.
- Choose **PRINT** from the **FILE** menu.

Important: These writings will be the basis for next week's lessons, and also a definite piece of work that you and student can dialogue about.

What Happened?

Take time at the end of each class to write down your impressions, and have students write their impressions or feelings about themselves as writers/computer users.This helps tremendously for evaluation purposes for both you and students.

Weeks Three and Four

Goal: To enable students to perceive of themselves as computer users and writers and readers.

Objective 1: To use a computer and word processing program to express thoughts, feelings, experiences, and reactions to other writers..

Objective 2: To examine, discuss and think about what we have written about our past and present experiences. Instructors as well as students should participate in any exercise, writing as well as reading, revising.

Action:

- Turn on computers and monitors.
- Find Windows or WordPerfect icon in program manager and double click to open.
- Put in floppy disk.
- Choose **OPEN** from **FILE** menu.
- Find writing from the previous week.

Note: Some students will be more confident than others. Usually the less confident students will ask for help.

DO NOT TOUCH ANOTHER PERSON'S COMPUTER WITHOUT PERMISSION. TRY TO LEAD THE STUDENTS ORALLY. USUALLY ONCE IN GEAR, THEY RECALL THE REST.

• **Students as Computer Users**:

Tools: Computers, word-processing program, keyboards, mouse, and printer.

• **Students as Computer Writers**

Tools: Use writings the students generated last week regarding their computer experience..

• **Students as Visionaries**

Tools: Recollections and reflections from their lives. to have a dialogue with themselves to learn to develop an ear for writing and a critical eye.

• **Students as Listeners**

Tools: Listen to writers read their essays.

• Listen for possible themes, ideas, which could be developed. Some students will want to edit immediately. I stress in these beginning classes only to respond to the author's idea, presentation of idea, and development of idea.

• Begin to establish an atmosphere of respect and trust. Writing is an intimate task at times; therefore, writers must trust their readers or listeners. Confidentiality is essential. (Many of these students may know each other as co-workers. However, try to get them to share who they are away from the work place. Include families, interests, or hobbies.)

Note: Students may ask questions to flush out an author's idea or point. This helps both reader and listener. Many questions may indicate that the picture is not clear or that the reader is not satisfied: the arrangement of the words or paragraphs may be confusing. Before any commenting is done, set out very clearly in writing, what they should be listening for. (See Appendix B).

WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET:

Encourage students not to intuit what the author meant. Instead direct their attention to What did the author say? Make the distinction between connotation and denotation.

For example: Did Shakespeare write tragedies when he was depressed? Was Romeo and Juliet written when he was in love? Did Shakespeare really want to murder his father?

As you can see, these questions will probably never be answered. Therefore, a more productive line of questioning includes the following: Always relate comments to the text. What did the author say? How did the author say it? How did the author present it–seriously, lightly? What form did the author use: poem, essay, short story? Remember: the authors are sitting right beside you. Ask them about their writing. (The author's explanation should follow comments and observations by readers, not precede it.) .

Note: This does not mean one's subjective feelings or thoughts are not valid; however, distinguish what kind of response you, as the author, is looking for and comment accordingly.

Action:

- Pass out readings: "**Tell Me More**" by Brenda Ueland. (See Appendix B.) "**Walking with Willie**" by Lamoine Boyle. "**The Road Not Taken**" by Robert Frost.

Note: I use these to teach the different forms of literature: poetry, short story, essays, and journals. The students approach the selections as readers, then as writers, then as grammarians. For example, What's the title of this essay? How do you write essay titles, book titles?

What are some of the general themes of literature–Who am I? Where am I going? Why? What's it all about? Look at the physical structure of a poem, an essay. Why this structure? Look at the different kinds of sentences, short-long. What is the effect on you as a reader?

You will have your own selections. They do not need to be numerous, for you can use each selection to demonstrate many different approaches to writing, reading, or evaluating. I encourage students to bring in their own selections. Why did they choose this particular one? Discuss in terms of yourself as reader, writer, and observer.

Action: Computer skills: Use fonts, styles, formats for different kinds of writing and punctuating. Practice columns, stanzas, or play formats. Stress important of form to message.

WEEKS 5 &6

Goal: To enable students to perceive of themselves as computer users and writers.

Objective 1: To use a computer and word processing program to express thoughts, feelings, and experiences.

Objective 2: To examine, discuss, and think about what we have written about our past and present experiences.

Objective 3: To learn how to listen to our own and other's writing.

Students as Listeners (Refer to Ueland's "Tell Me More."

- Before any commenting is done, set out very clearly in writing, what they should be listening for.
- Students need to continue to hear their voices and the voices of others. They are writers moving along a continuum, coming closer and closer to realizing their intentions.

(This does not mean always begin from the personal narrative to the novel. The distance traveled must be distance between the writer's meaning and the representation of meaning
Writer are like artists: words their colors, sentences their styles,
Portray a view that the reader can associate with,
and say "Ah, yes."

Students as Viewers: Revising or viewing again and again until what we

had in mind is what we wrote This is hard work.We are painting a picture. Words are our medium. Our arrangement of words gives meaning.

Action:

- Give students time to make revisions on stories.
- Begin conferencing with each one. Have the students read their stories to you. Read through first time, then go back and ask questions regarding information.(paragraph by paragraph)The students generally sense,while reading aloud, what needs to be revised. They may not know how, but they have a sense that something "sounds funny." Try to flush them out on this with questions.

Students as Computer Users.

- Have students save new text under "**Save As**." (Students should have two documents on their drives: the original and the revised document.
- Close document and have students find both documents in directory.
- Print out copies if needed.

Assignment:

- Choose short readings for students to read and react to.

I usually use one pager's, but not always. Sometimes I use excerpts for different writers. (See Appendix B for samples.)

Weeks Seven & Eight

Goal: To enable students to perceive of themselves as computer users and writers and readers.

Objective 1: To use a computer and word processing program to express thoughts, feelings, and experiences.

Objective 2: To examine and discuss what other writers have written about their past experiences and the experiences of others.

Objective 3: To help students to see literature as part of a whole.

Student as Reader

Tools: Use writings passed out during the previous weeks. I usually try to use short essays, poems, journals or excerpts from short stories.(Most developing writers read little and this affects their writing: generation of ideas, development of events, sentence structure, punctuation, and spelling).

The Nature of Writing .

Use well-known authors' descriptions of their lives as writers, such as May Sarton, Alice Walker, Brenda Ueland (See Appendix B) and other authors of your choice. You may want to include your favorite essayist or excerpts from your favorite novel. (If you have enthusiasm for a particular writer, it will be contagious.)

Find quotes that demonstrate writing is not a one-time shot, rather it is

hard work.Find examples of wonderful opening chapters, clever character descriptions, expert dialogue.

I use the samples of writings for many different lessons. For example, the essay "Walking with Willie" may be read on many levels. First, what does the author actually say? Examine sentence structure, description, words that helped us to see a character more clearly.

Robert Frost's poem , "The Road Not Taken,.mentioned in "Walking with Willie" is an excellent way to get students to take an interest in poetry. Why do you suppose the author mentioned that particular poem? Let's take a look at it. What is a poem anyway? How does it differ from an essay?

Students as Readers/Writers

Reader's response to writings: record interactions with the text. (Students begin to realize that there are different responses to the same text.)

Each week I also ask students to copy and respond to a paragraph-length passage. Compare reactions: get use to the idea of readers bringing their lives to a text.

Action: Copy selected paragraphs to computer.

Note: The value of copying text to computer is that this helps students use the computers, look carefully at the words, and become aware of the different types of sentences. Copying slows reading and causes them to pay

attention to the languages of the text. Writers need to see and hear well-formed sentences.

I have noticed that sentence structure and punctuation improve as a result of this approach, and it's relatively painless. They take charge of their development as writers and learners. Emphasis not on deficiency or proficiency but on growth, development.

PORTFOLIOS: From the beginning of the course, I encourage students to keep portfolios. Others have dealt specifically with the advantages of this approach, so I will just emphasize that this method allows and encourages the students to take charge of their learning: they decide what they want to revise and edit, what they want to present for publication, what they want to record and remember.

Note: Each of us has our own method of teaching. I hope by sharing some of my insights with you that you will benefit form my mistakes and many years of trying to share what I love with others.

Good Luck!

Curriculum Guide Appendix A

Writings by Students

by Jane Burke DiMillo

Poem Formatting
Final Draft
March 12, 1996

1st attempt

MOURNING-MORNINGS

With a quick reach for the alarm,
A long stretch and yawn,
I rolled out of bed to a new dawn.

Stumbling down the hall to the room for relief,
Then a dash to the kitchen for my coffee I reach.

Back to the bathroom
To curl my hair and to make up my eyes.
One look in the mirror with a great surprise,
Stood a woman that looked vitalized.

Jumping into my jeans, throwing on my t-shirt,
Now brushing my teeth, to remove the night's dirt.

Back into the kitchen for a quick cup of Joe,
Grabbing my lunch and out the door I go.

To class I arrive while the sun's just starting to glow,
To write the words to make a picture show.

March 19, 1996

I wish to return to the land of my Grandparents.
The land is emerald green.
I taught myself to speak Gaelic.
For my parent, to please.

It was at dinner time.
With our heads bowed in prayer.
When at the end my parent would say his Gaelic,
Something to the air.

But this evening I was to please him though,
I practiced all the time,
To make the sounds I heard him say,
The lilt, the rhymes, the rhyme,

I'll earn the love from him tonight.
His pride in me will show,
Now's the time to say his Gaelic truths,
The way I heard him say so slow,

Loud and clear I was this night,
A stunned look upon his face.
A fire hot in his soul as his hand struck my face.

Like thunder striking a lone standing tree,
Sent flying to the ground.
A shattered lip, a teary eye,
The questions came and went,
What did I do? Did I say it wrong?
What was that look of pain?

Never, never child.
Never again will that sound be heard,
In this house. I will not explain.

To this day I remember, that shattering memory today.
To Ireland, I'll go to see why I was to blame.
Was it hatefulness, a curse he always said?
Is that why they hate so much today?

Do not teach your child to hate,
This from the mouth's of babes.

March 19, 1996

From the Mouth of Babes

Commentary

I dreamed of that poem. It was 2:00 a.m., I now understand why I was struck trying the please my father. He saw in me something he was taught his whole life. From that day until the day my father died he never spoke the native tongue of his father.

When my grandfather arrived in the United States, he had to make a living for his bride who was soon to give birth to my father. Can you imagine how it was for him. Leaving his home land to try to feed his family when all he saw were signs reading - IRISH NEED NOT APPLY OR (INNA). All the hurts only turned into hate.

Was it a curse on all men? Unfortunately, hate is taught, and it's even harder to learn from your child when they don't know or understand it.

It was not meant to hurt me, just to stop the insanity.

Second Draft

Martha A. Blake

April 25, 1996

Angles and Angels

Life moves in many directions, as we dance to the twist and turns down the paths we choose. In every area of life we move in relationship with the circumstances around us that have a cause and affect on the direction, path or angle we take. In times of uncertainty the angle where we are may need divine direction from a heavenly source, Angels sent to guide, protect, teach and encourage His children in their journey of life. There are millions of Angels, that can be anywhere they are needed. They travel with precise rhythmic movement, at the speed of light. Are there as many angles in our journey of life? I believe there are, to allow the law of nature and life to happen. We need Angles and Angels in our constant movement in relation to people, places, objects, problems and directions.

Have you ever observed a game of pool? The whole procedure is based on angles of positioning. There is constant rhythmic movement of angles with the body, the balls, and the cue stick in direct relation to the table. The game is geometry in its finest form! Confidence, concentration and discipline is required from the player, with a total mind set on what is happening on the table and what the next move will be. The balls dance about the green table top in a cause and affect pattern, they hit off the rail, hit off each other, one may even set an spin like a top as they come to rest in their position on the table. I set and watch in total amazement of the different types of angles that are taken and the many styles the players have. Personalities can be an interesting phenomena to watch, everyone is completely unique, there are no two alike. Some are quiet, others make gestures, some move their bodies hoping to help the balls go where they want them to, and some become verbal and angry. Table etiquette in a pool game or in the dance of life is important. In life there are those who take unfair advantage of others, the pool game has those who hustle and cheat their opponents and give the game a bad name. Humans at there best in a pool game are Angels at their best to shine their light on the game.

Have we ever considered the need for reference points? A place from where you can focus to bring about the desired results in a given circumstance. A pool table has marks around the rails that are used as reference points to gain the correct angle for desired results, to place the ball in the pocket. The dance of life has reference points to guide us in the direction we so desire, we use friends, objects, places, angels and the power above. Rather in pool or life we need to stick to the basic rules that apply. Love they neighbor as you love yourself and stroke the cue and the ball will go!

MOHAMMAD YAQUB

April 4, 1996

WHERE DO I CAME FROM?

That's where all people in the same villages and streets know each other.

That's where people share their happiness and sadness .

That's where neighbor are the closest friends and relatives.

That's where all people are kind towards the younger.

That's where all younger give respect to all older than them selves.

That's where no one lets a younger one doing anything wrong.

That's where people cancel their priority to help out other's.

That's where one can spank a miner for doing something wrong, the miner's parents won't mind, and no one well do so for their own sake.

That's where people don't eat, unless they make sure their neighbor has to eat.

That's where you can barrow without interest.

That's where there is no police." Not needed".

That's where one will fight for you, if you're strange and are in trouble.

That's where you can travel without any cast, you're going to be welcome everywhere.

GAELIC SOMETHINGS
By: L.P. Smith

It was at dinner time,
With our heads bowed in prayer.
When at the end my parent would say,
His Gaelic something to the air.

His words I practiced all the time,
To make them sound just right.
The lilt, the rhythm, the rhyme,
A sound of chimes this night.

I'll earn his love,
His pride will show,
His native tongue I sung.

A stunned look he had,
That silver stare,
His anger it did grow.

Like lightening striking a lone standing tree,
Sent flying to the ground.
A shattered lip, a tearied eye,
His hatred knew no bounds.

What did I do? Did I say it wrong?
Is this just a bad dream?
As my tears ran down my cheeks,
In a silent stream.

I will no longer follow in your ways,
No longer try to please.
I must be loved as I am,
And be what I can be.

Now I am grown and on my own,
I still ask why he was so cold?
I know where I must go now,
Before I grow too old.

It is to the land of my Grandparents' birth,
The land is emerald green.
With tales of banshees and leprechauns,
Where Gaelic flows like a stream.

Doris Parker

3 19 96

My Goals and Dreams

I lived in Windham most of my life. Growing up on a farm was very exciting. There was always something going on. We had a lot of different animals, from ponies to rabbits, chickens, cattle, cats, a dog, and a mean rooster. We always had something to do. Never a dull moment. As we grew old enough to help, we would collect the eggs. I remember the time I went into the chicken coop, and the latch on the outside of the door swag back and made it so I couldn't open it. I let out a yell. The rooster then flew towards me. Feathers flying everywhere I knew he must be coming to attack me. On my knees I went screaming to the top of my lungs. Just then I was thinking is anyone going to let me out of here. My brother soon came to let me out. It took a while before I would go into that chicken coop again. When I did, I made sure the door was ajar. I would keep my eye right on that rooster. It's a wonder I didn't break any eggs. I have a scar about two inches long on the lower part of my back that's part of the reason why I would never forget it. This is only part of the experiences I encountered on the farm.

When I was about twelve years old I had my very own Shetland pony. Her name was Princess. She was a prancer and she would like to trot, which is a type of gallop that makes you feel like you're on a special journey. I loved her, she was black and white with a long white mane which I would be braiding putting bows of different colors in it. I would wash and brush her for hours. We would go for walks in the woods, and I would bring her to our special apple tree. We would have apples with some rock salt that my dad had bought for the animals. I would eat them

until I would get a stomach ache. Those were the days I'll never forget. It was so much fun. I remember the times my dad would put shoes on Princess so I could take her down the street for a ride. She was so gentle. There were a couple of ponies that weren't so gentle, that hadn't been saddle broke. There names were Dutchcess, and Dolly they were wild ones. My older sister Rose, wanted me to get on Dutchcess to see what she would do. Well I being the younger one said, "Ok". Well, I found out what she would do up the hill she did fine until she bolted which is another word for froze. I decided to get her going by giving her a little kick ,well was that a mistake. I felt like I was in a rodeo she finally bucked me off on a barb wire fence. All dug up again. Well I guess I could say that was the hard knots of the farm. I can truthfully say I wouldn't trade them for anything

That's the kind of childhood I wanted for my children. Being a single parent made it impossible. Now in my life, I'm further down that road to reality. My dad has given me a piece of land where I grew up. I'm thrilled to the bone. I know that everything won't be the way it was when I grew up for my children. I mean my oldest daughter is twenty-one and my second one is fourteen. They are all grown up, but we will have a home our home. That is a goal and a dream that will come true soon. Then we can all enjoy things together and with my grandson being four years old. There will be remembering times of my childhood. Seeing that little boy running across them fields.Catching fire flies. That is my dream. I know we can all experience and have good times together. The pictures can finally be reality.

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Curriculum Guide Appendix B

Where Do Stories Come From?

Walking with Willie (handout)

Good writers are good story tellers.
Pay attention to certain things. Some of us remember places, some remember smells, feelings. Some remember happenings.
Remember a story is more than a combination of facts; a story is about how someone views those facts. We each have an individual view of the world and what happens. It's the coloring of that view that makes it interesting.

For example: All of us were born. How do we look upon that fact? Are we grateful, resentful, doubtful. All of us have parents. How do we view them? With love, with hate, with pity?

If you were going to **tell a story**, you would have to decide on:

- How are you going to tell it?
- What form will you use? Poem, essay, narrative, play.
- Why are you going to tell it? to entertain, to inform, to persuade, to solve, to view.
- What are you going to say?
- Who is going to tell it?

Activity: Tell me a story? Choose one event and write about it.
Read students' stories. (Small groups).
Would anyone like to share a story?

People (Characters) Who?

Places (Sociological) Where?

Things (Events) Plot What? What Happened?

[Themes: (Purpose) Why?] Hold off until later.

Activity: Gather into three groups. Make a list of each category. People, Places, Things. Reread the story and then think about **how** the author told it.

Literature is more than a huge collection of writings
Good literature shares a universal quality or coherence.

Arachetypes found in themes, settings, images, plots, and characters.

Narrative Patterns: Romance, Irony/Satire, Tragedy, and Comedy.

Romance Narrative Patterns

A. Themes
    1. Good versus Evil
    2. Humans versus God
    3. Human versus Humans
    4. Humans versus Nature

B. Settings
    1. Idyllic
    2. Magic or mysterious
    3. Orderly

C. Images
    1. Innocence
    2. Purity
    3. Singleness of Purpose

D. Plot
    1. Quest or goal
    2. Adventure/journey
    3. Crucial struggle or test
    4. Triumph/victory
    5. Rebirth or transformation

E. Character
    1. Heroic
    2. Mysterious origin
    3. God-like powers
    4. Ethereal quality

Computers and Word Processors

Welcome to computer lab. Here you will be learning a different type of language. Perhaps to some of you it will sound foreign, but always remember that it sounded foreign to me when I first attempted to enter this technological world of computerese. Below are a few of the very basic terms that you need to know in order to use a computer and a word processing document.

Hardware: Before turning on the computer let's take a look at the equipment in front of us Describe in detail what you see.

Monitor

Computer

Keyboard

Slots/disk drives: A or B

Software: Disks

Mouse

Turn on computer, monitor.

USM Screen

Icons

Programs: WordPerfect 6.1

Clicking and double clicking (Selecting, Opening and Closing)

Writing: Write a letter explaining your first experience using a word processing document.

Walking with Willie

WILLIE was short, muscular, with stubby hands that could fix almost anything that needed fixing, from an alarm clock to balky automobile engines. Almost everybody in the small rural town where I grew up knew Willie. Townspeople would stop and chat with him, laughing at his folksy witticisms.

Perhaps more than anything else he did, Willie liked to walk. He preferred almost forgotten roads that climbed into the hills or Indian trails in the thick woodlands beyond the town. When he wanted to be alone, he walked alone. At other times he liked to walk with someone he could talk with. Being very young and loving Willie's stories about the hills and the Indians who had once inhabited the region — including Blackhawk, the wily chief known for his bravery — I was his frequent companion.

Perhaps the high point in the week for most people in our town was Thursday, the day the weekly newspaper was distributed to subscribers. The more affluent citizens had their own post office box, others received their mail from the postmaster.

Willie, dressed as usual in clean, neat overalls, blue workshirt, and freshly polished shoes, always came to the post office for his newspaper, his only reason for being there, since he never seemed to receive any other mail. He would go to the window, ask for his newspaper, tuck it into his hip pocket, and say, "Looks like a good paper this week. I'm going home now and read every word of it."

It was after one of these weekly excursions to the post office to get his newspaper that Willie and I went for a walk I'll never forget. We walked out along a weedy, never-used road through a stand of birch, balsam, and hard maple. We sat down to rest on thick grass in the shade of leafy maples, and Willie, more solemn than I had ever seen him before, said, "We're friends, right? Close friends?" I nodded. "Will you promise never to tell anyone what I'm going to tell you . . . not anyone, even your folks?"

For a moment I wondered what Willie wanted to tell me that was so important but he was so serious, so quiet, and he hadn't talked much at all during our walk, so I said, "I won't tell anyone, Willie. Cross my heart. It'll be our secret. Nobody else will know."

"OK," Willie said. "I never tell lies. I don't like people who do, but I've lied, a big lie, and I have to tell you. Maybe you can help me."

He looked away into sun shadows dancing through the trees. "I go to the post office every Thursday, get my newspaper, and tell people I'm going home and read it." He hesitated. "You see, I never went to school. I worked at a lot of jobs, learned things. I finally came here to this town. I stayed. All of this isn't a lie. I lied about reading the newspaper." He seemed torn by some inward anguish. "You see, I can't read nor write. The newsprint doesn't mean anything to me."

I remember he looked at me then, pleading, it seemed. "I can't go on lying. I want to learn to read and write. I have money. I can pay you. Will you teach me? I'll try real hard."

I didn't know what to say. I was a boy just going into the eighth grade. What did I know about teaching someone to read and write? Where would I start, how would I begin? But Willie had shared a secret with me, and I wanted to help him. "I'll help you if I can. My mother taught me to read and write even before I went to school. I'll try to do it the same way she did."

We started with the alphabet. I taught Willie to recognize letters, sound them out, put words together into sentences. He was a surprisingly quick learner. We walked and rested, and Willie began to write single words, his name, my name. He began to recognize words in the newspaper, put them together into sentences. We walked, rested, and worked through a hot summer, then through the cold winter, and began once more in the spring. It took two years of grinding work. I was in my second year of high school when Willie announced proudly that he could read the whole newspaper. He had also learned to write. "I have money in the bank," he said. "Now I don't have to ask for cash. I can write checks!"

When I graduated from high school, Willie attended the exercises wearing a new suit, a white shirt with a bow tie, and shoes that were polished brightly. He gave me a watch as a graduation present, but the best gift I received was the brief note that came with the watch. The note, written in somewhat labored longhand, said, "You helped me do something I always wanted to do . . . read and write. No doubt you will go away to college, to a big strange city and learn to be a doctor or a lawyer. I hope you will remember walking with Willie. I'll never forget walking with you."

I did go away to college, but I did not become a doctor or lawyer. I became a teacher. In remembering Willie and our walks together, the words of Robert Frost in his poem "The Road Not Taken," have a singular meaning: "Two roads diverged in a wood . . . and I took the one less traveled by, and that has made all the difference. . . ."

Lamoine E. Boyle

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just a fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I–
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Written by Robert Frost

Tell Me More

By Brenda Ueland

I want to write about the great and powerful thing that listening is. And how we forget it. And how we don't listen to our children, or those we love. And least of all—which is so important too—to those we do not love. But we should. Because listening is a magnetic and strange thing, a creative force. You can see that when you think how the friends that really listen to us are the ones we move toward, and we want to sit in their radius as though it did us good, like ultraviolet rays.

This is the reason. When we are listened to, it creates us, makes us unfold and expand. Ideas actually begin to grow within us and come to life. You know how if a person laughs at your jokes you become funnier and funnier, and if he does not, every tiny little joke in you wizens up and dies. Well, that is the principle of it. It makes people happy and free when they are listened to. And if you are a listener, it is the secret of having a good time in society (because everybody around you becomes lively and interesting), of comforting people, of doing them good.

Who are the people, for example, to whom you go for advice? Not to the hard, practical ones who can tell you exactly what to do, but to the listeners, that is, the kindest, least censorious, least bossy people that you know. It is because by pouring out your problem to them, you then know what to do about it yourself.

When we listen to people there is an alternating current and this recharges us so that we never get tired of each other. We are constantly being re-created. Now there are brilliant people who cannot listen much. They have no ingoing wires on their apparatus. They are entertaining, but exhausting too. I think it is because these lecturers, these brilliant performers, by not giving us a chance to talk, do not let us express our thoughts and expand; and it is this little creative fountain inside us that begins to spring and cast up new thought and unexpected laughter and wisdom. That is why, when someone has listened to you, you go home rested and lighthearted.

Now this little creative fountain is in all. It is the spirit, or the intelligence, or the imagination—whatever you want to call it. If you are very tired, strained, have no solitude, run too many errands, talk to too many people, drink too many cocktails, this little fountain is muddied over and covered with a lot of debris. The result is you stop living from the center, the creative fountain, and you live from the periphery, from externals. That is, you go along on mere will power without imagination.

Well, it is when people really listen to us, with quiet fascinated attention, that the little fountain begins to work again, to accelerate in the most surprising way.

I discovered all this about three years ago, and truly it made a revolutionary change in my life. Before that, when I went to a party I would think anxiously:"Now try hard. Be lively. Say bright things. Talk. Don't let down." And when tired, I would have to drink a lot of coffee to keep this up.

Now before going to a party, I just tell myself to listen with affection to anyone who talks to me, to be in their shoes when they talk; to try to know them without my mind pressing against theirs, or arguing, or changing the subject. No. My attitude is: "Tell me more. This person is showing me his soul. It is a little dry and meager and full of grinding talk just now, but presently he will begin to think, not just automatically to talk. He will show his true self. Then he will be wonderfully alive."

Sometimes, of course, I cannot listen as well as others. But when I have this listening power, people crowd around and their heads keep turning to me as though irresistibly pulled. It is not because people are conceited and want to show off that they are drawn to me, the listener. It is because by listening I have started up in them their creative fountain. I do them good.

Now why does it do them good? I have a kind of mystical notion about this. I think it is only by expressing all that is inside that purer and purer streams come. It is so

in writing. You are taught in school to put down on paper only the bright things. Wrong. Pour out the dull things on paper too—you can tear them up afterward—for only then do the bright ones come. If you hold back the dull things, you are certain to hold back what is clear and beautiful and true and lively. So it is with people who have not been listened to in the right way—with affection and a kind of jolly excitement. Their creative fountain has been blocked. Only superficial talk comes out—what is prissy or gushing or merely nervous. No one has called out of the, by wonderful listening, what is true and a lie.

I think women have this listening faculty more than men. It is not the fault of men. They lose it because of their long habit of striving in business, of self-assertion. And the more forceful men are, the less they can listen as they grow older. And that is why women in general are more fun than men, more restful and inspiriting.

Now this non-listening of able men is the cause of one of the saddest things in the world—the loneliness of fathers, of those quietly sad men who move among their grown children like remote ghosts. When my father was over seventy, he was a fiery, humorous, admirable man, a scholar, a man of great force. But he was deep in the loneliness of old age and another generation. He was so fond of me. But he could not hear me-not one word I said, really. I was just audience. I would walk around the lake with him on a beautiful afternoon and he would talk to me about Darwin and Huxley and Higher Criticism of the Bible.

"Yes, I see, I see," I kept saying and tried to keep my mind pinned to it, but was restive and bored. There was a feeling of helplessness because he could not hear what I had to say about it. When I spoke I found myself shouting, as one does to a foreigner, and in a kind of despair that he could not hear me. After the walk I would feel that I had worked off my duty and I was anxious to get him settled and reading in his Morris chair, so that I could go out and have a livelier time with other people. And he would sigh and look after me absentmindedly with a perplexed loneliness.

For years afterward I have thought with real suffering about my father's loneliness. Such a wonderful man, and reaching out to me and wanting to know me! But he could not. He could not listen. But now I think that if only I had known as much about listening then as I do now, I could have bridged that chasm between us. To give an example:

Recently, a man I had not seen for twenty years wrote me: "I have a family of mature children. So did your father. They never saw him. Not in the days he was alive. Not in the days he was the deep and admirable man we now know he was. That is man's life. When next you see me, you'll just know everything. Just your father all over again, trying to reach through, back to the world of those he love."

Well, when I saw this man again, what had happened to him after twenty years? He was an unusually forceful man and had made a great deal of money. But he had lost his ability to listen. He talked rapidly and told wonderful stories and it was just fascinating to hear them. But when I spoke—restlessness: "Just hand me that, will you? Where is my pipe?" It was just a habit. He read countless books and was eager to take in ideas, but he just could not listen to people.

Well this is what I did. I was more patient—I did not resist his non-listening talk as I did my father's. I listened and listened to him, not once pressing against him, even in thought with my own self-assertion. I said to myself: "He has been under a driving pressure for years. His family had grown to resist his talk. But now, by listening, I will pull it all out of him. He must talk freely and on and on. When he has been really listened to enough, he will grow tranquil. He will begin to want to hear me."

And he did after a few days. He began asking me questions. And presently I was saying gently:

"You see, it has become hard for you to listen."

He stopped dead and stared at me. And it was because I had listened with such complete, absorbed, uncritical sympathy, without one flaw of boredom or impatience, that he now believed and trusted me, although he did not know this.

"Now talk," he said. "Tell me about that. Tell me all about that."

Well, we walked back and forth across the lawn and I told him my ideas about it.

"You love your children, but probably don't let them in. Unless you listen, people are wizened in your presence. They become about a third of themselves. Unless you listen, you can't know anybody. Oh, you will know facts and what is in the newspapers and all of history, perhaps, but you will not know one single person. You know, I have come to think listening is love, that's what it really is."

Well, I don't think I would have written this article if my notions had not had such an extraordinary effect on this man. For he says they have changed his whole life. He wrote me that his children at once came closer; he was astonished to see what they are: how original, independent, courageous. His wife seemed really to care about him again and they were actually talking about all kinds of things and making each other laugh.

For just as the tragedy of parents and children is not listening, so it is of husbands and wives. If they disagree, they begin to shout louder and louder—if not actually, at least inwardly—hanging fiercely and deafly onto their own ideas, instead of listening and becoming quieter and quieter and more comprehending. But the most serious result of not listening is that worst thing in the world, boredom; for it is really the death of love. It seals people off from each other more than any other thing. I think that is why married people quarrel. It is to cut through the non-conduction and boredom. Because when feeling are hurt, they really begin to listen. At last their talk is a real exchange. But of course, they are just injuring their marriage forever.

Now, how to listen? It is harder than you think. I don't believe in critical listening, for that only puts a person in a strait jacket of hesitancy. He begins to choose his words solemnly or primly. His little inner fountain cannot spring. Critical listeners dry you up. But creative listeners are those who want you to be recklessly yourself, even at your very worst, even vituperative, bad-tempered. You are mentally saying as you express these things: "Hurrah! Good for you!" and they are laughing and just delighted with any manifestation of yourself, bad or good. For true listeners know that if you are bad-tempered it does not mean that you are always so. They don't love you just when you are nice, they love all of you.

Besides critical listening, there is another kind that is no good: passive, censorious listening. Sometimes husbands can be this kind of listener, a kind of ungenerous eavesdropper who mentally (or aloud) keeps saying as you talk (Bunk, Bunk, Hokum."

In order to learn to listen, here are some suggestions. Try to learn tranquillity, to live in the present a part of the time every day. Sometimes say to yourself: "Now. What is happening now? This friend is talking. I am quiet. There is endless time. I hear it, every word." Then suddenly you begin to hear not only what people are saying, but what they are trying to say, and you sense the whole truth about them. And you sense existence, not piece-meal, not this object and that, but as a translucent whole.

Then watch your self-assertiveness. And give it up. Try not to drink too many cocktails to give up that nervous pressure that feels like energy and wit but may be neither. And remember it is not enough just to *will* to listen to people. One must *really* listen. Only then does the magic begin.

Sometimes people cannot listen because they think that unless they are talking, they are socially of no account. There are those women with an old-fashioned ballroom training which insists there must be unceasing vivacity and gyrations of talk. But this is really a strain on people.

No. We should all know this: that listening, not talking, is the gifted and great role, and the imaginative role. And the true listener is much more beloved, magnetic than the talker, and his is more effective, and learns more and does more good. And so try listening. Listen to your wife, your husband, your father, your mother, your children, your friends; to those who love you and those who don't, to those who bore your, to your enemies. It will work a small miracle. And perhaps a great one.

How to be a successful writer

Questions from four Chat readers about writing problems brought the following helpful replies:

8 practical steps for getting started

Dear **November Duckling:**

No platitudes, no lectures. You asked for suggestions, so I'll give you some time-honored steps for getting the words out of your head andthrough the typewriter.

1. Set up your work space and keep it set up. If that's the kitchen table, so be it.

2. Determine which of your free hours are usually most conducive to thought. That's when you should write. Arrange the rest of your schedule around this time.

3. Start out fueled, neither a full nor empty stomach, but having sipping and snacking (complex carbos best) "rewards" at hand.

4. RELIGIOUSLY sit at your typewriter (whatever) one hour daily. Less time is OK if you're not producing, but longer is counterproductive.

5. Try to fill at least one page at a sitting even if you feel restless and distracted. Let yourself ramble; you can always separate the wheat from the chaff at the next sitting.

6. Do *not* discard your efforts. They will kick your mind into gear and give you something to build on next time. Believe me, it beats starting from scratch, especially when a writer is "blocking," which I suspect you're doing.

7. Comfort and encourage yourself by reading up on the travails of other writers. Webster's "Treasury of Relevant Quotations" (begin Page 593, Writers and Writing) is a trip you won't regret taking, I promise.

8. At the end of a week's worth of aforesaid practice, don't expect to read back the work of a genius. Instead, congratulate yourself for sticking to the effort because you now have something you did not have the week before – a beginning.

If you hit a snag with this recommended procedure (it's been working for me for over 20 years) let me know, give a yell, vent your spleen, but *don't* give up the ship. In the end you'll be so pleased with yourself it will probably cure you of procrastination for the rest of your life. Very character-building, I assure you.

– **Cold Feet**

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

The perfect place to write

FOR the first half mile up, the creek bed was dry. It had been a long, rainless summer. But then we began to encounter small pools scattered in the deep gully, some topped with miniature waterfalls, still barely running down stream-smoothed basalt into natural cups, which brimmed at their downstream ends, the overflowing trickle sinking underground.

One, especially beautiful, deeply secluded, lay under overarching rock banks. In the play of light, water striders cruised on the pool, their tiny legs dimpling the surface and making snowshoe shadows on the sandy bottom.

Delighted, we sat a long time. Pebbles tossed in produced the usual rings of wavelets, echoed in rings of light on the overhanging rock. The sculpted stone above the pool formed natural seats. Time seemed nonexistent.

My friend made a remark I have often heard. "You could really write if you had a house here." It was a good place to sit, to watch, to listen — a good place to visit, but I wouldn't want to write there. However, if writing were to be done, and I were there, I would try. One can write almost anywhere, putting one's mind to it — even in an enchanting place.

Some years ago, ambitious students at the college where I teach built a snug little cabin on high river bluffs and called it the "Writer's Cabin." It was supposed to stir the creative juices. It is almost never used. Deadlines are not met by people gazing at clouds and water.

When I was a student, one of my professors inadvertently taught me something about places to write. He had recently completed a book on Henry James. On the spur of the moment he said he wanted to show me where he had done the work. He took me down a creaking stairway into a fieldstone-walled basement and pointed out a small, green-painted table on which a gooseneck lamp cocked its dented shade. "I worked down here every night after supper," he said.

The room was dim and dank, the air musty. My initial impression of gloom and deprivation, though, gave way to a revelation as I climbed back up the stairs. The surroundings did not matter. It was a place. It had the asset of being quiet. The book was written because he wanted to write it. I imagined him seated and engrossed, his surroundings receding from him, his thought expanding around him. He created his own environment. And his basement, unlike the mountain stream, did not insist on itself.

If it had, by either beauty or noise, he probably would still have written the book under the urgency of his feeling for the subject. My various visits to the Monitor news room, with its bustle, phones, quiet conversations, and clicking computer keyboards, have also been convincing reminders that serious writing is done daily in the hurly-burly of a large communal room. One can't pass through the room without seeing people isolated in the silence of their own thoughts, hands on keyboards, alone with their composition.

One hears often, from nonwriters, that they always were going to do some writing, but conditions never were supportive. It is not conditions that make writers, but writers who make conditions.

I was pleased to walk up the dry stream bed, more pleased to enjoy its special pool with my companion, and it was another pleasure describing it. I was also glad to have a notebook with me in a particularly dry meeting so I could let a trickle of mountain water into my thought and out onto the page as people talked, starting this essay.

And I have been often grateful to my friend who showed me the dark basement his research and composition illumined. It is possible for nonwriters to begin any time. Now.

Paul O. Williams

Essay Revision

As writers, we usually go from the specific to the general, but as readers, we go from the general to the specific. Remember writers must learn to be their toughest audience.

Read your essay aloud to yourself or another student. Note the places where you hesitate, become confused, or need to repeat. Do not stop. Finish reading and return to those words or sentences that sounded strange or awkward. Rewrite.

Answer the following questions.

1. What is the topic? (Topics are general: trees, people, dogs, articles etc.).

2. What is your **point of view** toward the topic? (Your **title** should reflect your point of view. For example, if your topic is Aunt Millie, your title might be "My Favorite Aunt," or "What's the Matter with Aunt Millie?"

3. Look at your paragraphs. Do the beginning sentences move your point of view along? Does each paragraph develop your particular reasons or facts?

4. As a reader, do you have any **unanswered questions**? (For example, who, what, when, where, how?)

5. Look at your **sentences**. Do you have variety: simple, complex and compound. Are they only compound (Connected by and's)? Have you shown relationships between your ideas with words like ***therefore, however, since, before, when, finally....*** Do you have any unfinished sentences (Fragments)

6. Check your **verbs**. Do you have too many ***there is, there was ?***

7. Have you kept the same **tense** (Present, past, future)?

8. Have you kept the same **person** (I, they, she, we)? Avoid **you.**

9. Review commas: Are they connecting sentences without the help of ***and, but, or, nor, for, or yet?*** **Check use of other punctuation. (quotes, apostrophes.)**

10. Run spell check and then check again, especially for ***their, there; were, where, we're; too, to.*** Check all proper nouns, apostrophes, and plurals.

The Impostor

I am a mother
although I have
this nightmare
that one of these day
someone will ask
to see my credentials.

I am a mother of two
although sometimes
they look at me
accusingly
because there are not enough hours
in my day.

I am a mother
although for the life of me
I don't know how to handle
their fits
much less mine.

I am a fatherless mother
who has to wear two hats
but never quite knows when
to wear which one.

I am a mother
who doesn't know how she got here
and sometimes
thank god it's only sometimes
wishes she could resign.

Susana Cabanas